SPENSER'S AMORETTI.

COMPOSED BY

Doctor Greene.

For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON:

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To her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle.

Madam,

As you have been pleased to honour me with your private Approbation of these Musical Trifles, I am now making the most agreeable advantage of it, by presenting them to your Grace as a publick Testimony of my Gratitude. The words are of Spenser: a Person, in whom the characters of one of the best of Poets and best of Men were happily united. The greatness of his Reputation, and that Simplicity and easy Elegance which recommend them so particularly to your Grace's Taste, ought to put me in pain for what I have presumed to add to them.

Yet, let the world call it vanity, I will flatter my self, there must be some merit where the Duchess of Newcastle approves. She is so universally allowed a Mistress of Music, that under the cover of her Approbation, I cannot but think my self not only safe from Censure, but secure of some degree of Praise.

Madam,

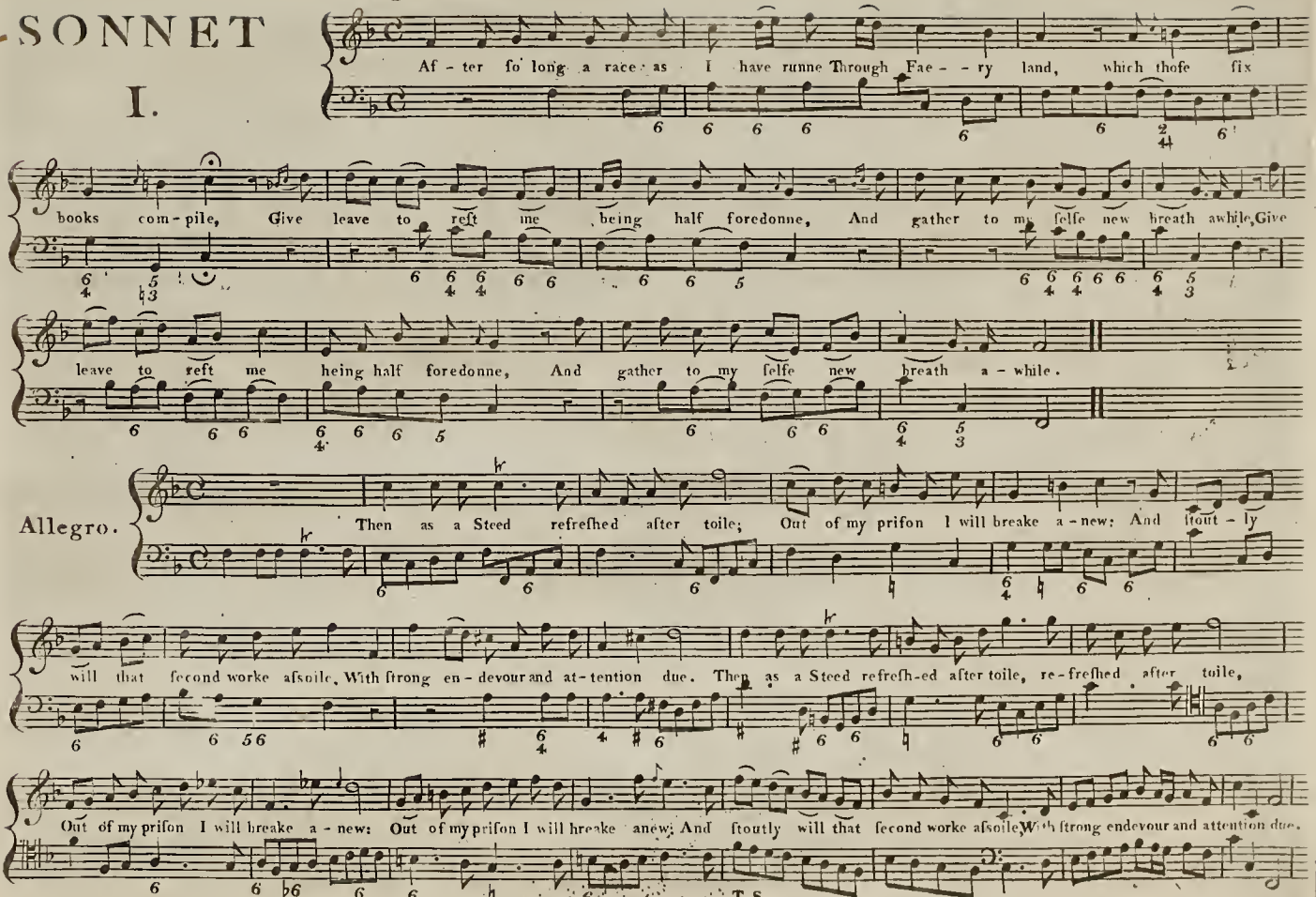
I have always had so gratefull a sense of your Grace's long and continued Patronage, of the honour of those frequent attendances you have allowed me to pay in your hours of Musical Amusement, and of the many Favours you have in the most obliging manner conferr'd upon me, that it is with the utmost pleasure I take this first opportunity of Subscribing my self, in this Publick manner,

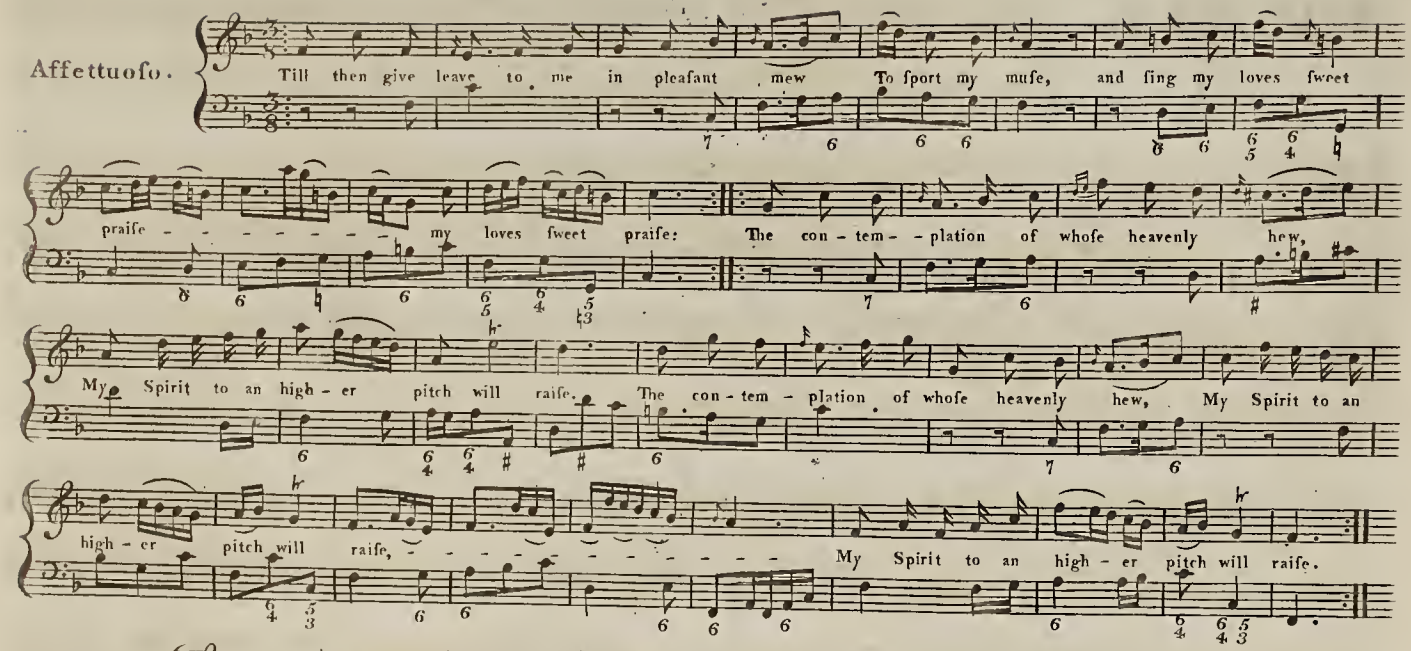
Madam, Your Grace's most
obliged humble Servant,

Maurice Greene.

SONNET I.

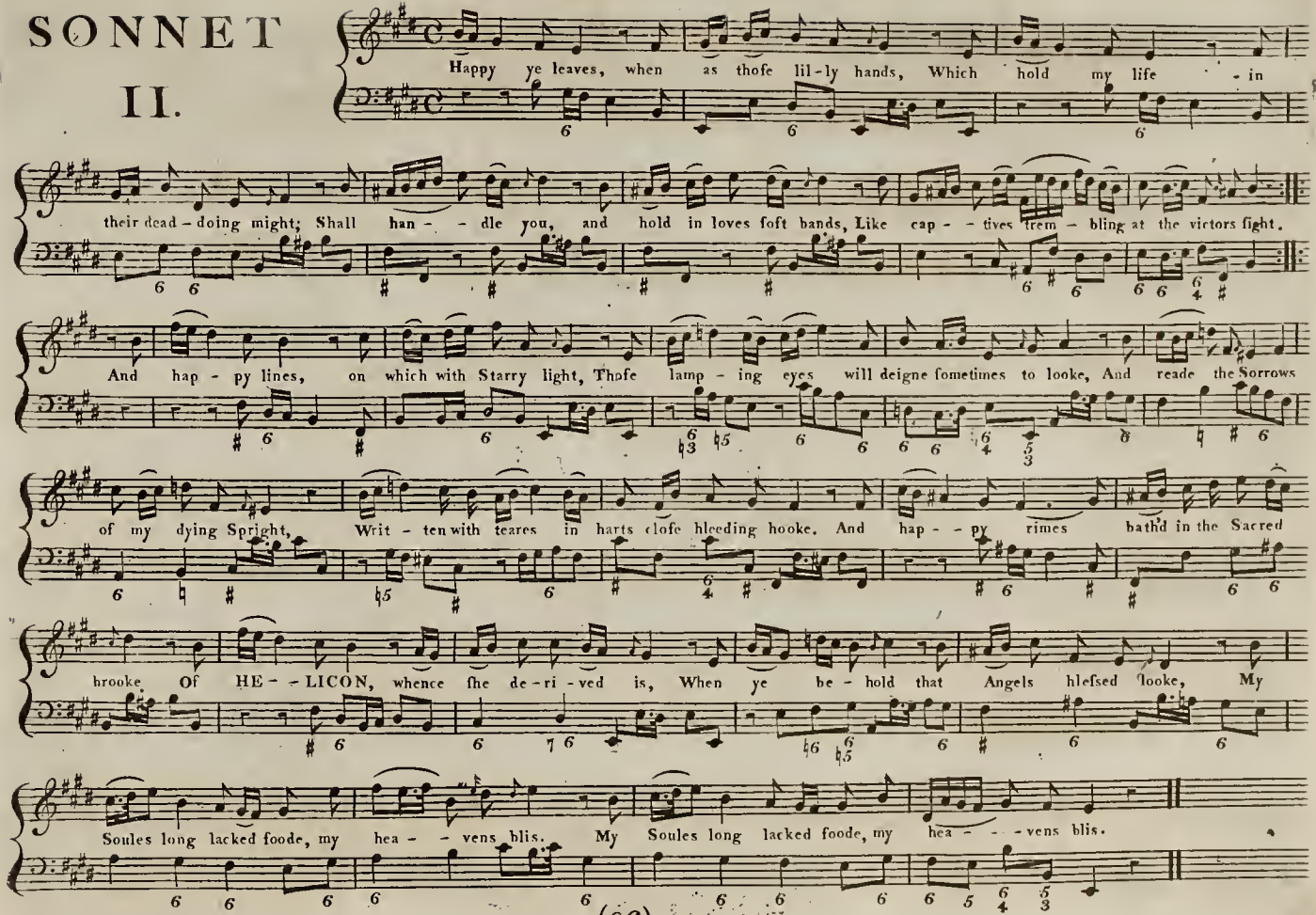
Largo Andante.


After so long a race as I have runne Through Faery land, which those six
books compile, Give leave to rest me being half foredonne, And gather to my selfe new breath awhile, Give
leave to rest me being half foredonne, And gather to my selfe new breath a-while.
Allegro.
Then as a Steed refreshed after toile; Out of my prison I will breake a-new: And stoutly
will that second worke assoile, With strong endevour and attention due. Then as a Steed refresh-ed after toile, re-freshed after toile,
Out of my prison I will breake a-new: Out of my prison I will breake anew: And stoutly will that second worke assoile, With strong endevour and attention due.


Affettuoſo.
Till then give leave to me in pleaſant mew To ſport my muſe, and ſing my loves ſweet
praiſe my loves ſweet praiſe: The con - tem - plation of whoſe heavenly hew,
My Spirit to an high - er pitch will raiſe. The con - tem - plation of whoſe heavenly hew, My Spirit to an
high - er pitch will raiſe, My Spirit to an high - er pitch will raiſe.
Allegro.
But let her Praiſes yet be lowe and meane, Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene. But let her Praiſes
yet be lowe and meane, Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene. Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET II.

Andante Vivace.


Happy ye leaves, when as thofe lil-ly hands, Which hold my life in
their dead-doing might; Shall han- dle you, and hold in loves foft bands, Like cap- tives trem- bling at the victors fight.
And hap- py lines, on which with Starry light, Thofe lamp- ing eyes will deigne fometimes to looke, And reade the Sorrows
of my dying Spright, Writ- ten with teares in harts clofe bleeding booke. And hap- py rimes bathd in the Sacred
brooke Of HE- LICON, whence fhe de-ri-ved is, When ye be- hold that Angels blefsed looke, My
Soules long lacked foode, my hea- vens blis. My Soules long lacked foode, my hea- vens blis.

Vivace.

Leaves, lines, and rimes, feeke her to pleaſe a - lone, Whom if ye Pleaſe, I care for o - ther none. I care for o - ther none. Leaves, lines, and rimes, feeke her to pleaſe a- lone, Whom if ye Pleaſe, I care for o - ther none. I care for o - ther nnne.

SONNET III.

Andante Vivace.

Fai - re Eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart, What wond'rous wondrous vertue is contain'd in you, The which both life and death forth from you dart In - to the object of your mightie view your migh - tie view. For when ye mild - ly looke with lovely lovely hew, Then is my Soule with life and love in - ſpired: But when ye lowre, or looke on me aſkew, Then doe I die, as one with lightning

fi-red, But ſince that life is more than death de-fired, Looke ever lovely ever lovely as becomes you beſt That your bright beams of my weakeneſs ari-

Allegro.

-mired May kindle living fire within my breaſt May kindle living fire with-in my breſt. May kindle living fire - - with-in my breſt. Such

life ſhould be the honor of your light, Such death the fad en-fample of your might, the fad enſample of your might, Such life ſhould be the honor of your

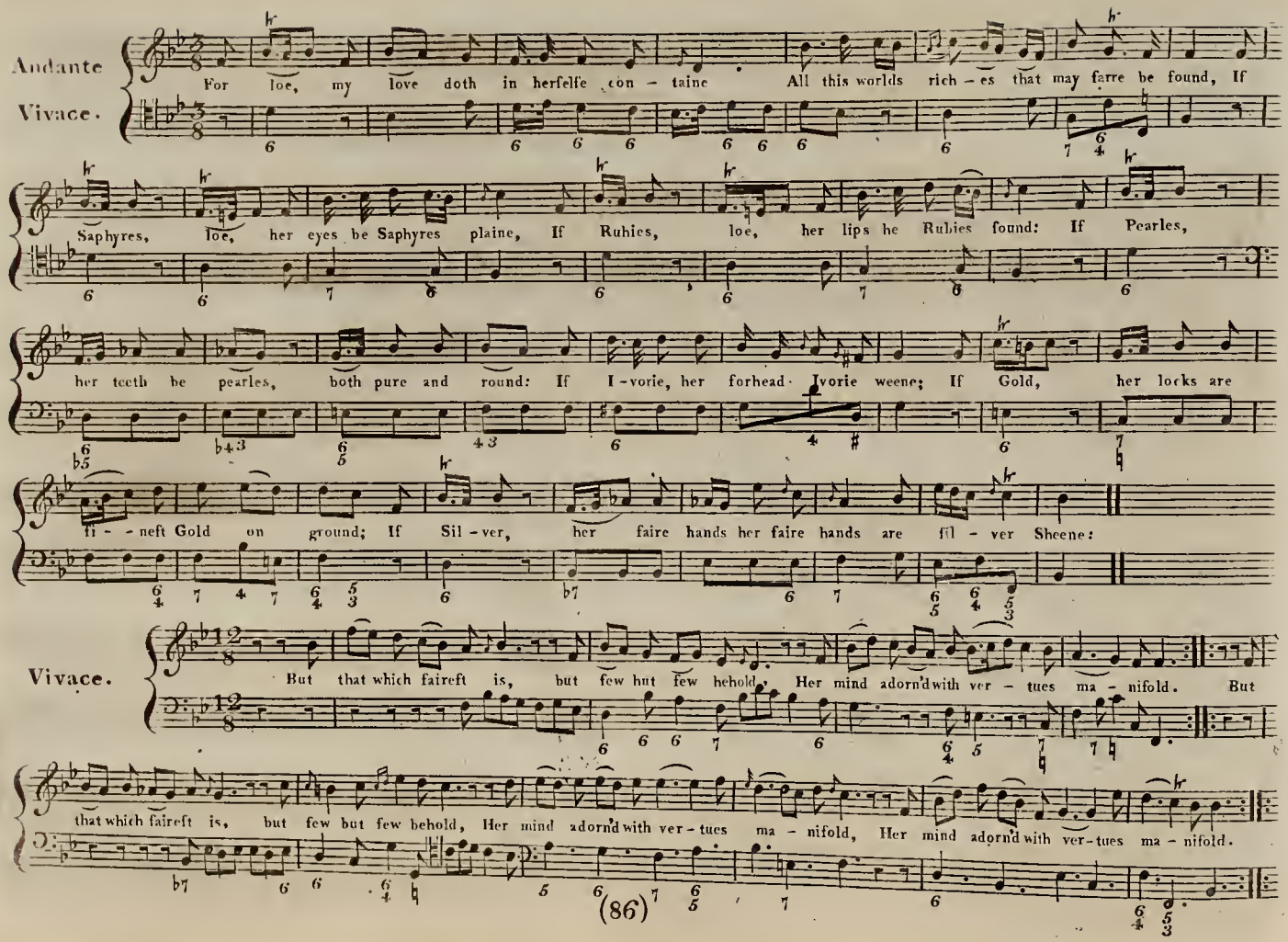
light, Such death the fad enſample of your might, Such death, Such death the fad en-ſam-ple of your might.

SONNET IV.

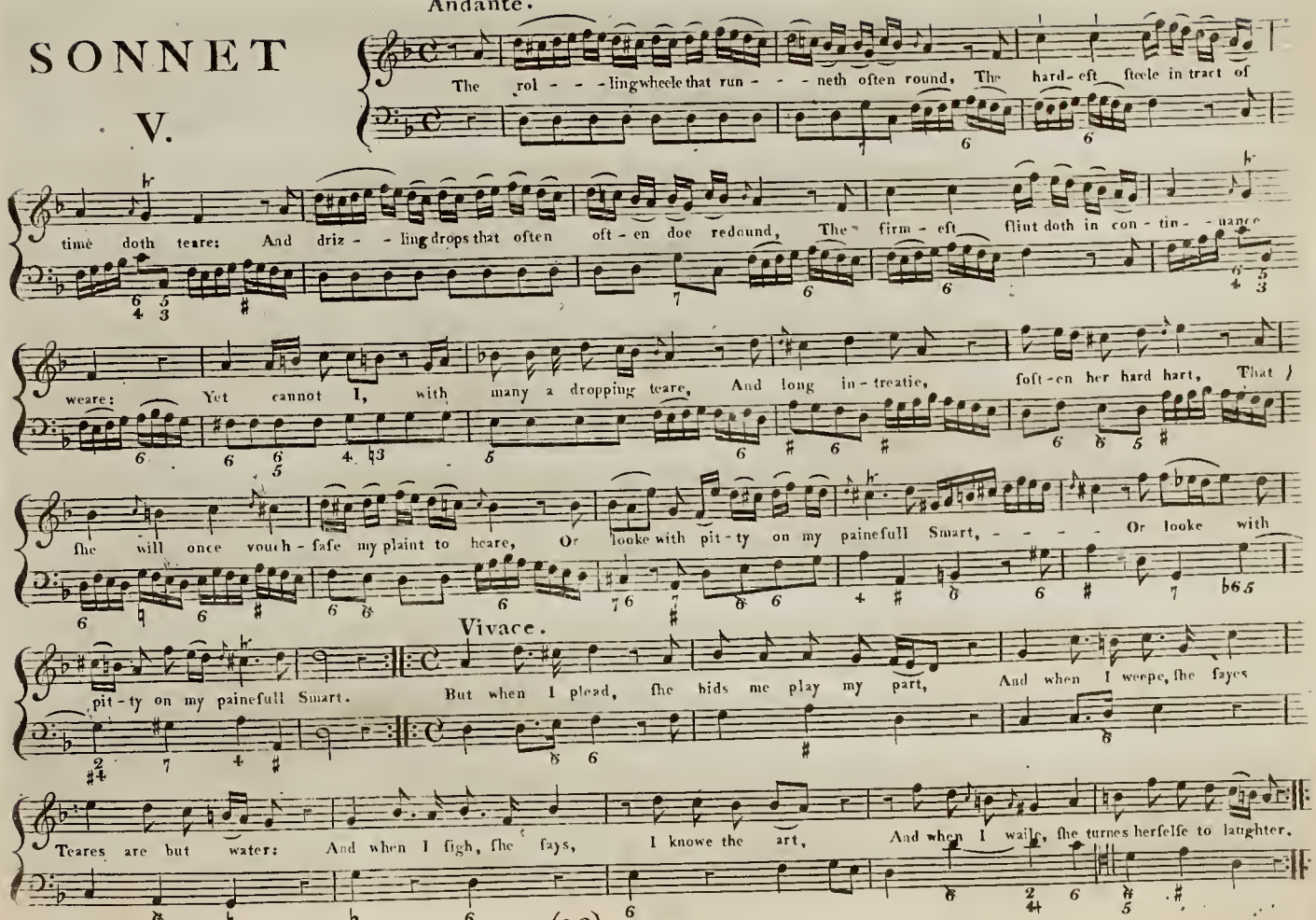
Andante.

Ye tradefull merchants, that with weary toyle, Doe ſeek moſt pre-cious things to make your

gaine: And both the Indias of their treaſure ſpoile, What needeth you to feeke ſo farre in vaine. ſo farre - in vaine.


Andante
Vivace.
For loe, my love doth in herfelfe con - taine All this worlds rich - es that may farre be found, If
Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine, If Ruhies, loe, her lips be Rubies found: If Pearles,
her teeth be pearles, both pure and round: If I-vorie, her forhead Ivorie weene; If Gold, her locks are
ti - - neft Gold on ground; If Sil - ver, her faire hands her faire hands are fil - ver Sheene:
Vivace.
But that which faireft is, but few hut few behold, Her mind adorn'd with ver - tues ma - nifold. But
that which faireft is, but few but few behold, Her mind adorn'd with ver-tues ma - nifold, Her mind adorn'd with ver-tues ma - nifold.

SONNET V.


Andante.
The rol - - - ling wheele that run - - - neth often round, The hard- eſt ſteele in tract of
time doth teare: And driz - - ling drops that often oft - en doe redound, The firm - eſt flint doth in con - tin - - uance
weare: Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare, And long in - treatie, ſoft - en her hard hart, That I
ſhe will once vouch - ſafe my plaint to heare, Or looke with pit - ty on my painefull Smart, - - - - Or looke with
Vivace.
pit - ty on my painefull Smart. But when I plead, ſhe bids me play my part, And when I weepe, ſhe ſayes
Teares are but water: And when I ſigh, ſhe ſays, I knowe the art, And when I waile, ſhe turnes herſelfe to laughter.

So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remaine, she as steele and flint doth still remaine, – –

– – – – – – – – doth still remaine. So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine Whiles she as steele and flint doth still – – re-

maine, – – – – – – – – – – she as steele and flint doth still re – maine, – – she as steele and flint doth still remaine.

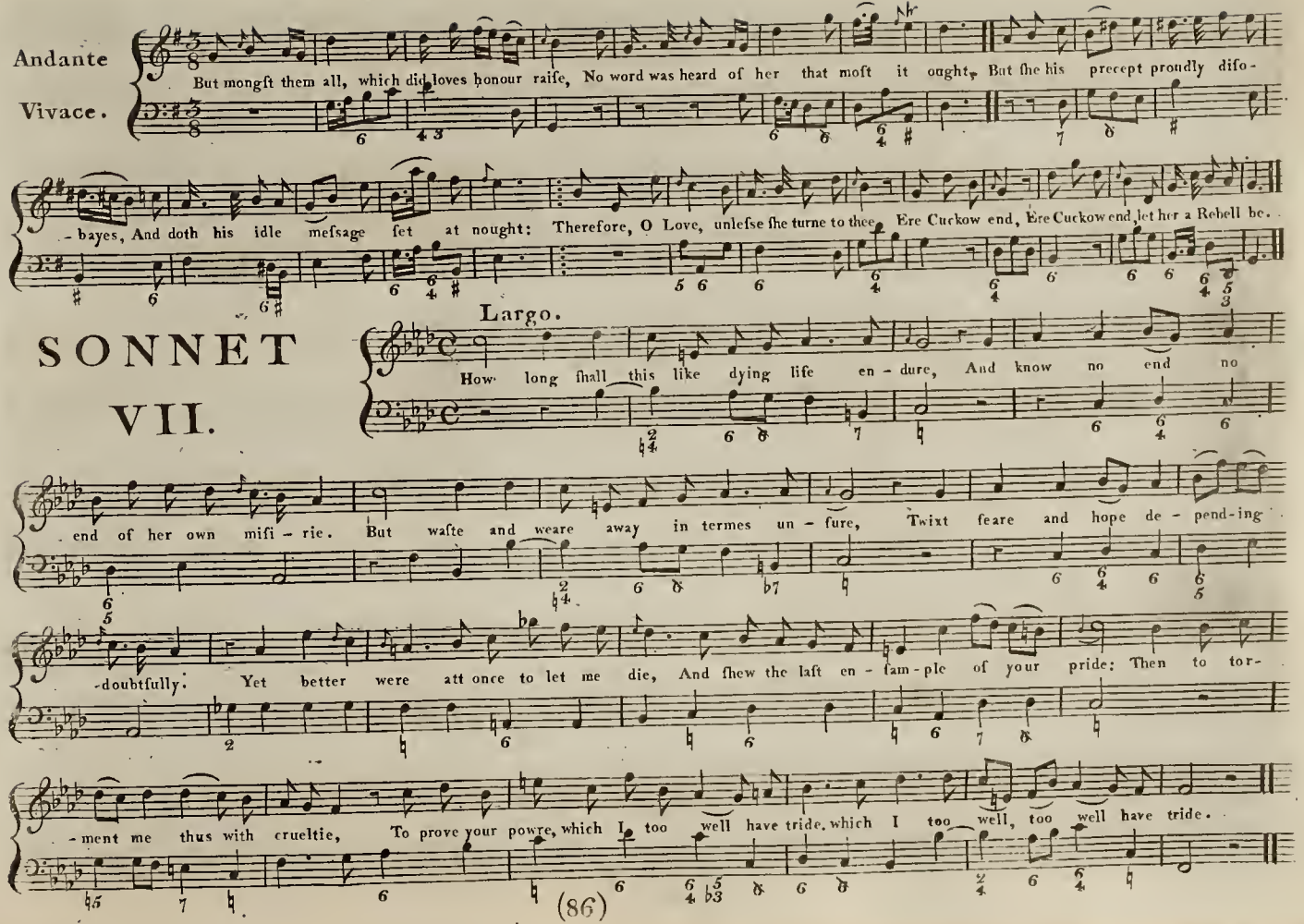
SONNET VI.

Vivace.

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring His Trumpet shrill hath thrice alrea-dy founded; That warnes all

lo – vers waite upon their king, Who now is comming forth with girland Crown – ed, ed. With noyse whereof the quire of Birds re-

– founded Their anthems sweet de – vized of loves praise, That all the wonds their Ecchoes back rehounded, As if they knew the mean – ing of their layes.


Andante
Vivace.
But mongſt them all, which did loves honour raiſe, No word was heard of her that moſt it ought, But ſhe his precept proudly diſo-
-bayes, And doth his idle meſsage ſet at nought: Therefore, O Love, unleſse ſhe turne to thee, Ere Cuckow end, Ere Cuckow end, let her a Rebell be.
SONNET VII.
Largo.
How long ſhall this like dying life en-dure, And know no end no
end of her own miſi-rie. But waſte and weare away in termes un-ſure, Twixt feare and hope de-pend-ing
-doubtfully. Yet better were att once to let me die, And ſhew the laſt en-ſam-ple of your pride; Then to tor-
-ment me thus with crueltie, To prove your powre, which I too well have tride. which I too well, too well have tride.

Andante

Vivace.

But yet if in your hardned breſt ye hide A cloſe in-tent at laſt to ſhew me grace: Then

all the woes and wrecks which I a-bide As meanes of bliſs I glad-ly will embrace, And wiſh that more and

grea-ter they might be, That grea-ter meed at laſt may turne to me, And wiſh that more and

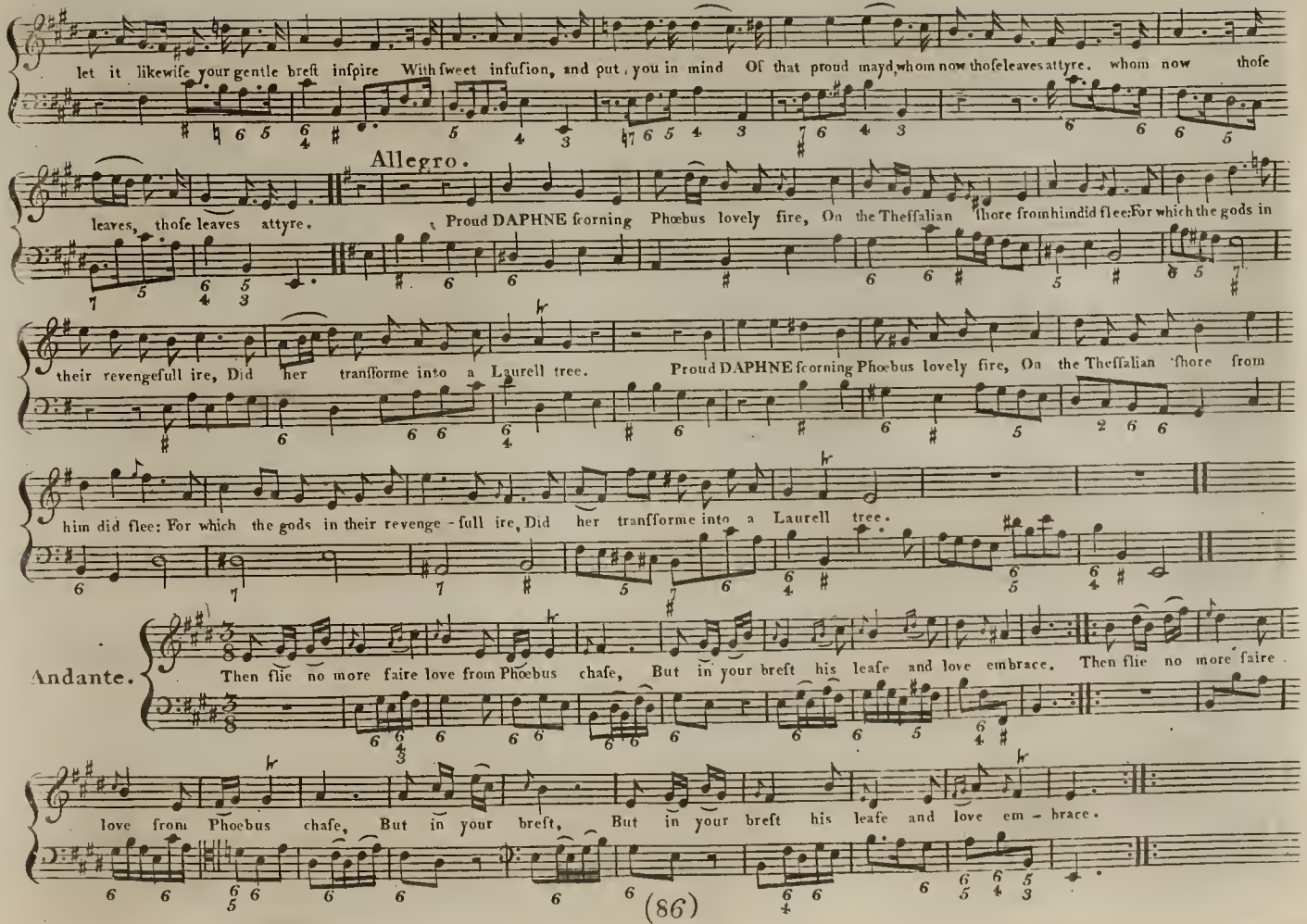
grea-ter they might be That greater meed at laſt may turne to me.

SONNET VIII.

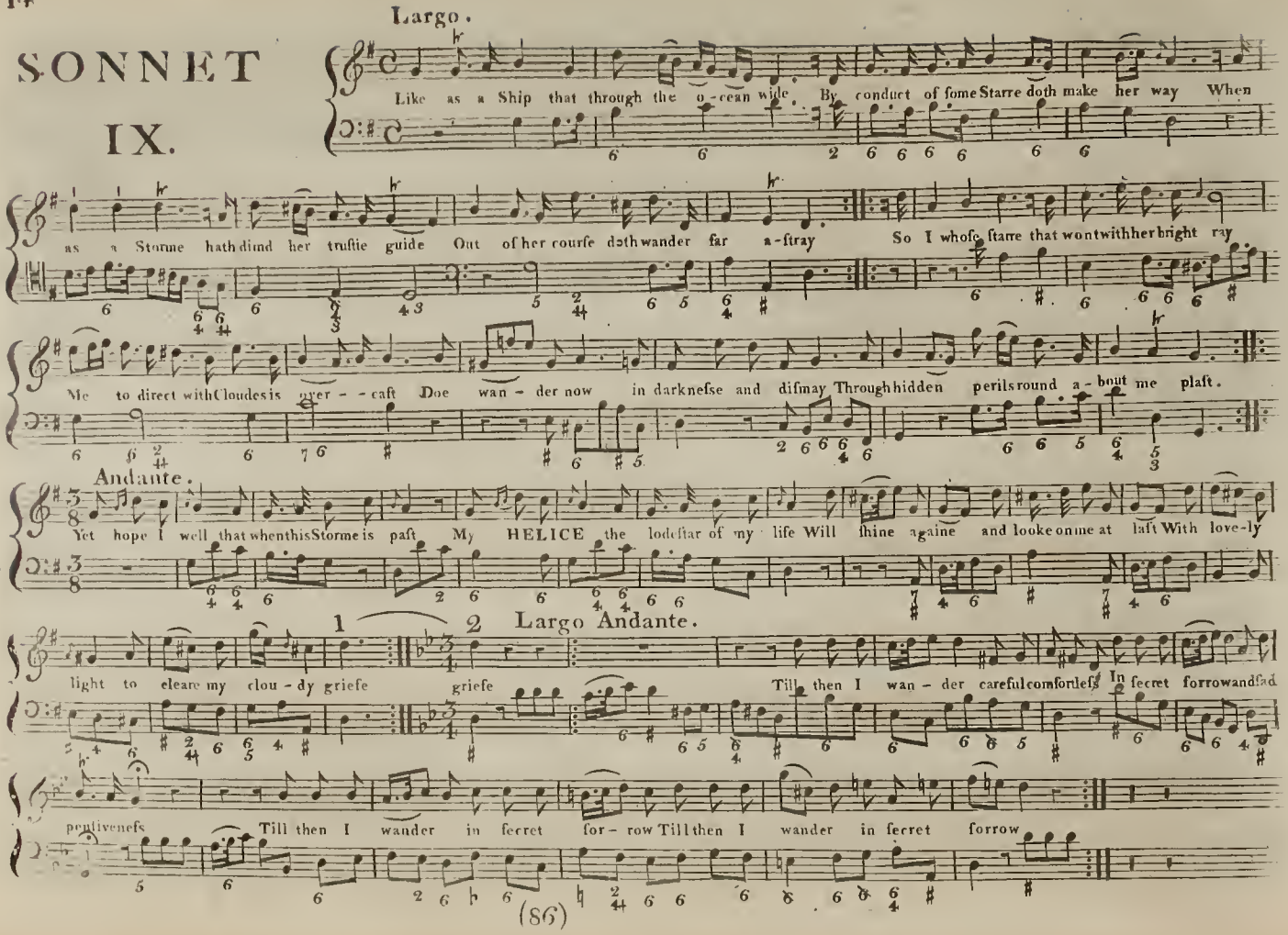
Largo Andante.

The Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare, Gives me great hope of your relenting mind: For

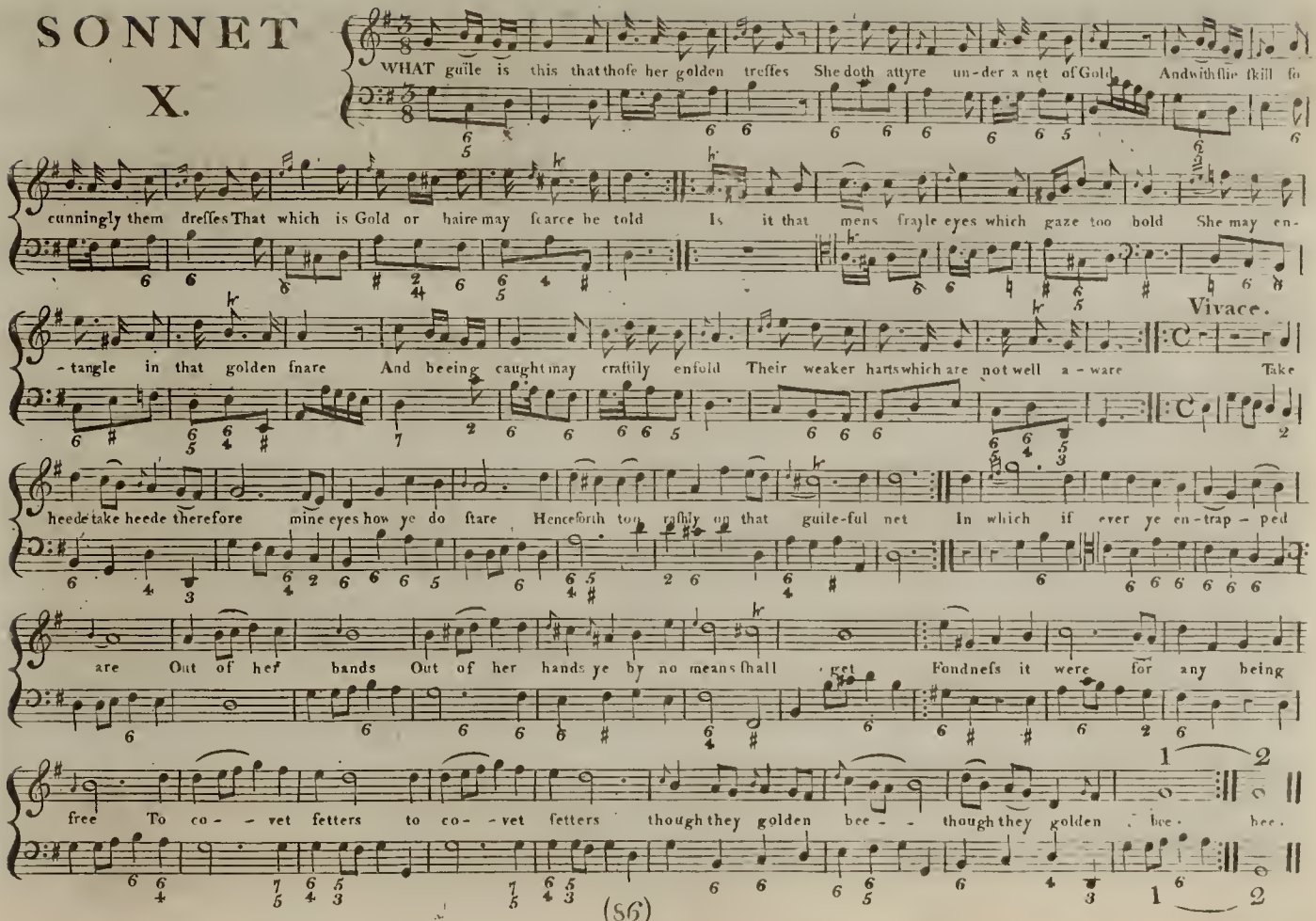
ſince it is the badge which I doe beare, Ye bearing it, doe ſeeme to me inclind: The Powre thereof, which oft in me I find,


let it likewise your gentle breſt inſpire With ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind Of that proud mayd, whom now thoſe leaves attyre. whom now thoſe
Allegro.
leaves, thoſe leaves attyre. Proud DAPHNE ſcorning Phœbus lovely fire, On the Theſſalian ſhore from him did flee: For which the gods in
their revengefull ire, Did her tranſforme into a Laurell tree. Proud DAPHNE ſcorning Phœbus lovely fire, On the Theſſalian ſhore from
him did flee: For which the gods in their revenge-full ire, Did her tranſforme into a Laurell tree.
Andante.
Then flie no more faire love from Phœbus chaſe, But in your breſt his leaſe and love embrace. Then flie no more faire
love from Phœbus chaſe, But in your breſt, But in your breſt his leaſe and love em-brace.

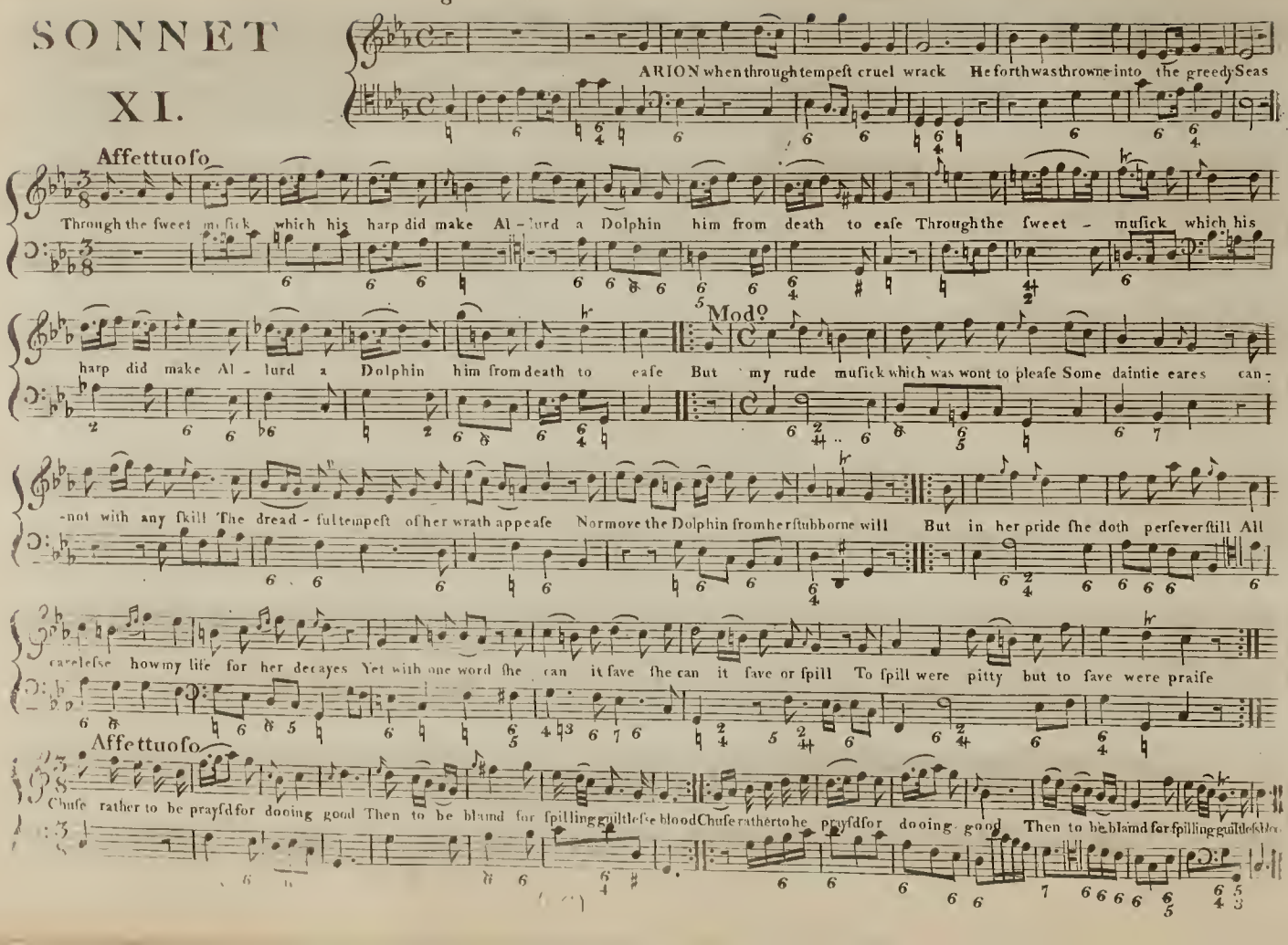
SONNET IX.


Largo.
Like as a Ship that through the o-ceaun wide By conduct of some Starre doth make her way When
as a Storme hath dimd her trustie guide Out of her course doth wander far a-stray So I whose starre that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct with Cloudes is over-caſt Doe wan-der now in darkneſse and diſmay Through hidden perils round a-bout me plaſt.
Andante.
Yet hope I well that when this Storme is paſt My HELICE the lodeſtar of my life Will shine againe and looke on me at laſt With love-ly
1
2
Largo Andante.
light to cleare my clou-dy griefe griefe Till then I wan-der careful comfortleſs In ſecret forrow and ſad
penſiveneſs Till then I wander in ſecret for-row Till then I wander in ſecret forrow

SONNET X.

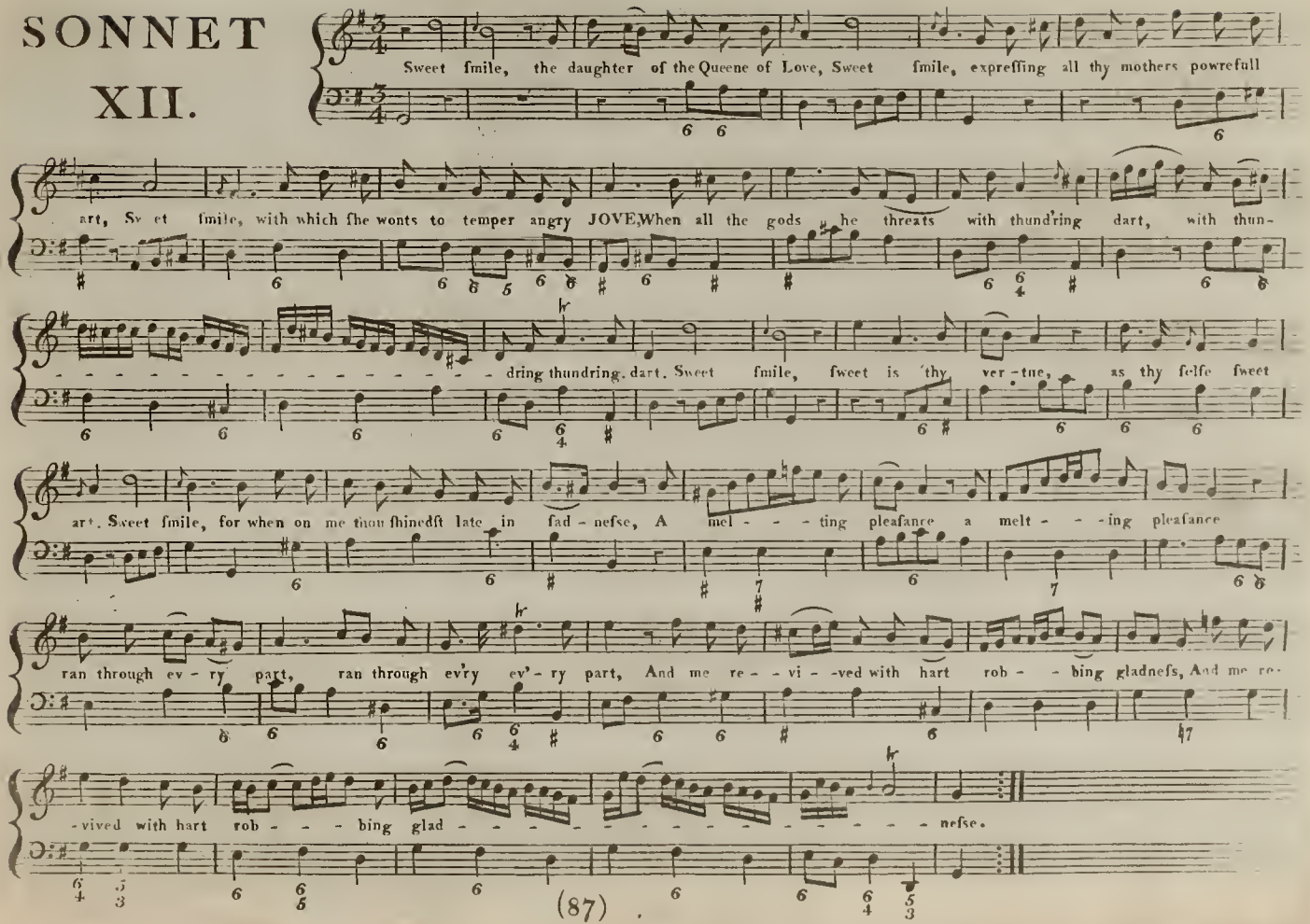

Andante.
WHAT guile is this that thofe her golden treffes She doth attyre un-der a net of Gold And with ſlie ſkill ſo
cunningly them dreſſes That which is Gold or haire may ſcarce be told Is it that mens fraile eyes which gaze too bold She may en-
Vivace.
-tangle in that golden ſnare And beeing caught may craftily enfold Their weaker hartswhich are not well a-ware Take
heede take heede therefore mine eyes how ye do ſtare Henceforth too raſhly on that guile-ful net In which if ever ye en-trap-ped
are Out of hef bands Out of her hands ye by no means ſhall get Fondneſs it were for any being
free To co- -vet fetters to co- -vet fetters though they golden bee- - though they golden bee- bee.

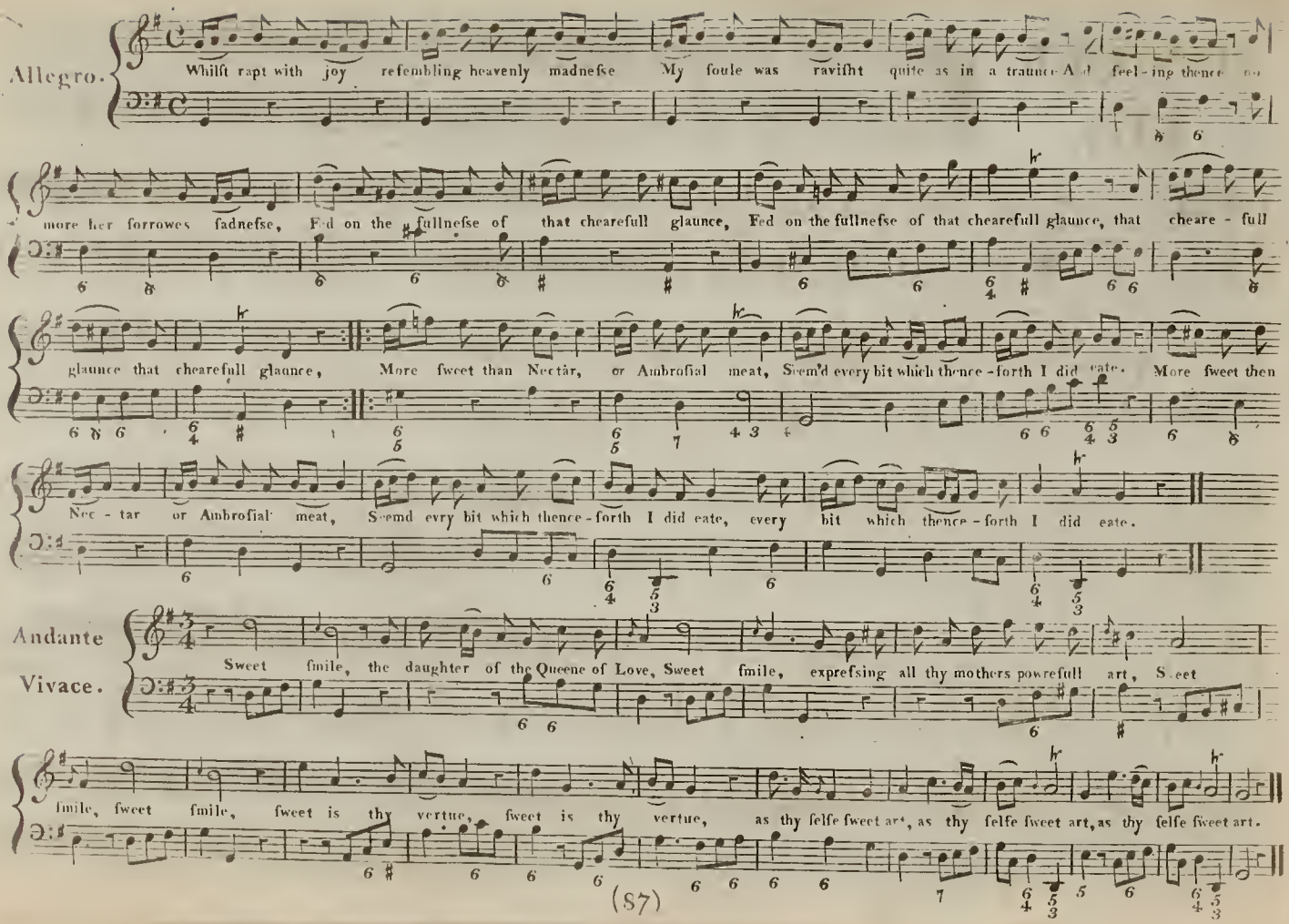
SONNET XI.


Adagio.
ARION when through tempeſt cruel wrack He forth was throwne into the greedy Seas
Affettuoſo
Through the ſweet muſick which his harp did make Al - lurd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe Through the ſweet - muſick which his
harp did make Al - lurd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe
Modo
But my rude muſick which was wont to pleaſe Some daintie eares can -
-not with any ſkill The dread - full tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe Nor move the Dolphin from her ſtubborne will But in her pride ſhe doth perſever ſtill All
careleſse how my life for her decayes Yet with one word ſhe can it ſave ſhe can it ſave or ſpill To ſpill were pitty but to ſave were praiſe
Affettuoſo
Chuſe rather to be prayſd for dooing good Then to be blaind for ſpilling guiltleſſe blood Chuſe rather to be prayſd for dooing good Then to be blaind for ſpilling guiltleſſe blo

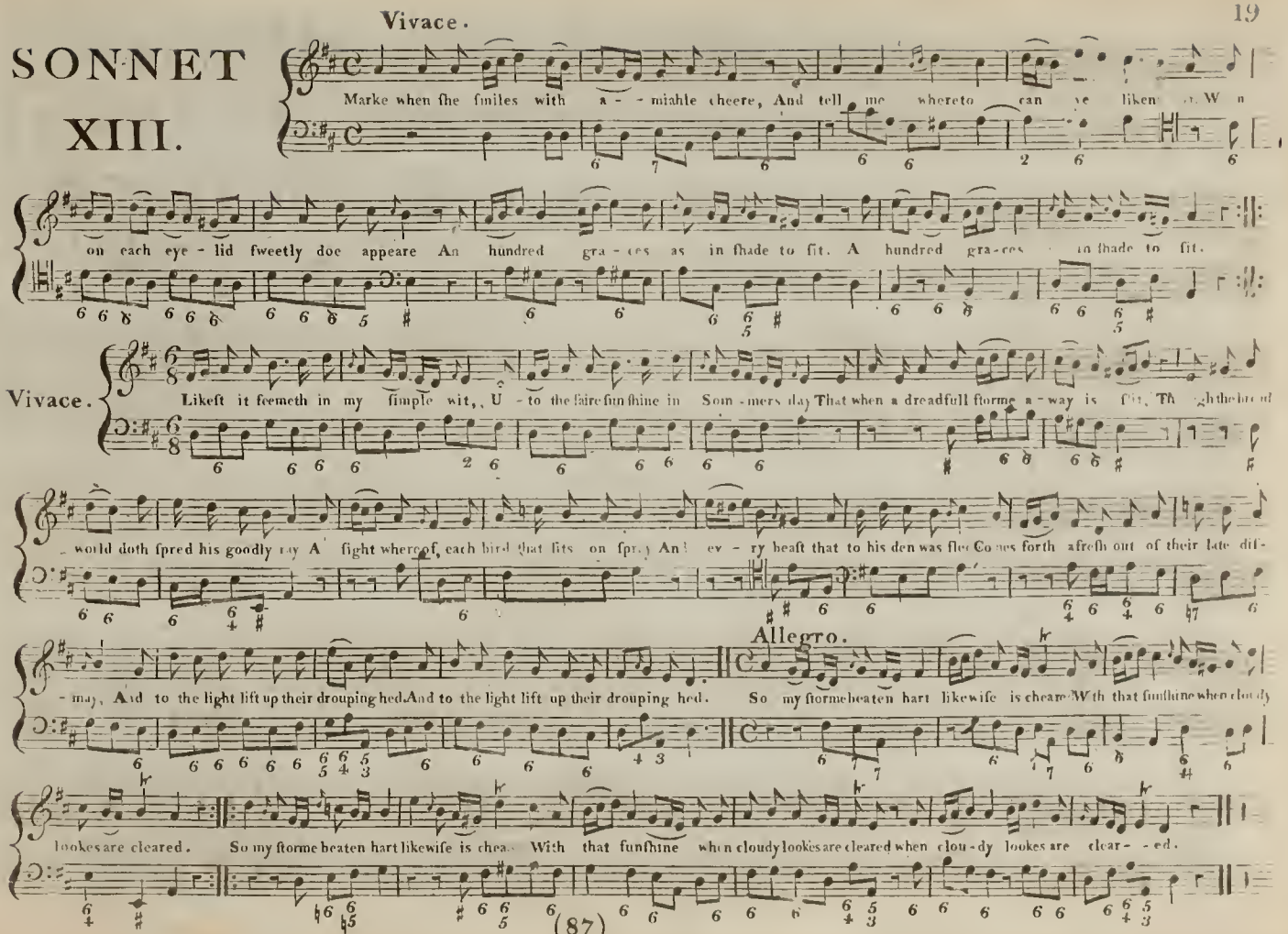
SONNET XII.

Andante Vivace.

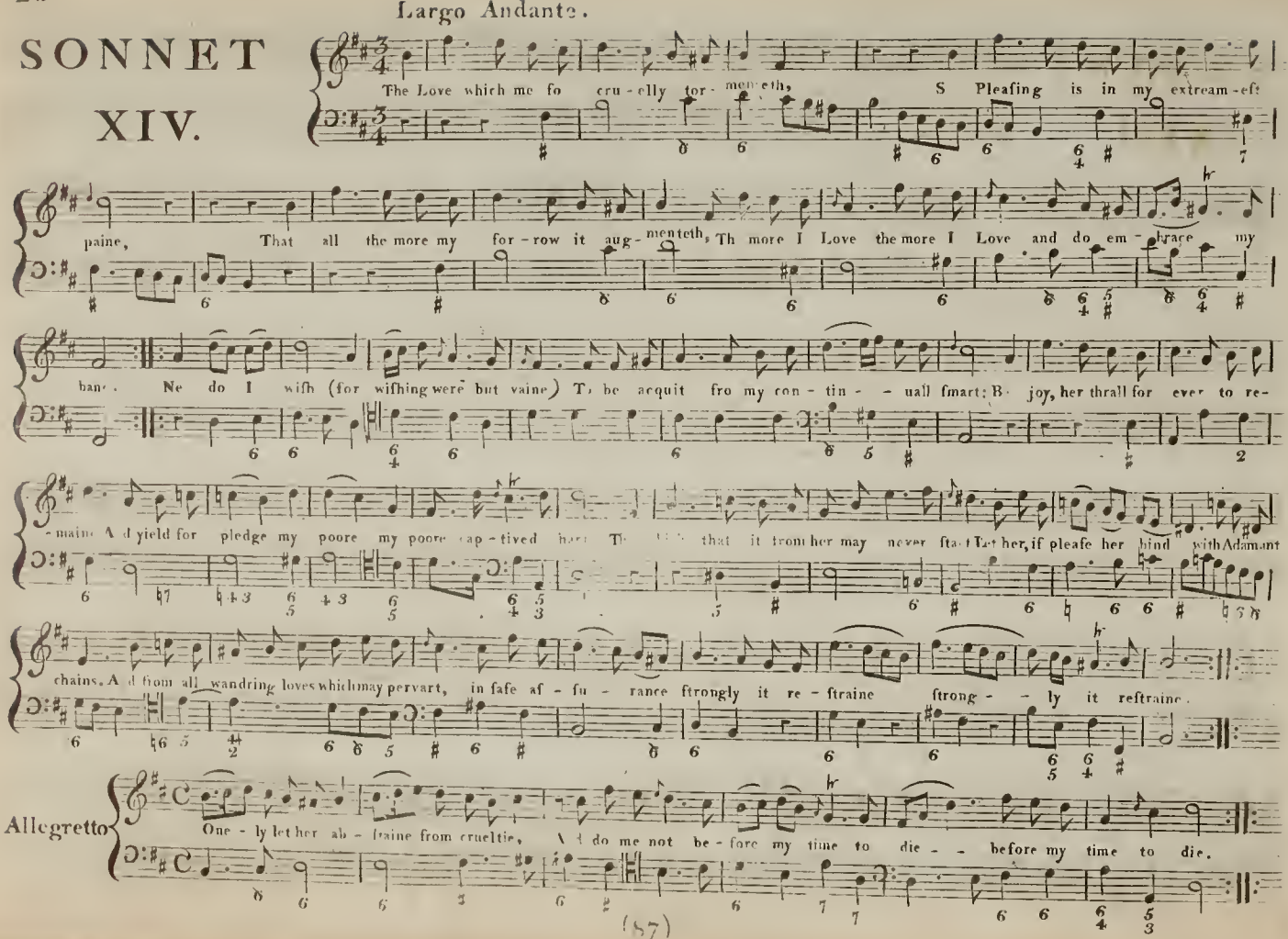

Sweet fmile, the daughter of the Queene of Love, Sweet fmile, expreſſing all thy mothers powrefull
art, Sweet fmile, with which ſhe wonts to temper angry JOVE, When all the gods ſhe threats with thund'ring dart, with thun-
dring thundring dart. Sweet fmile, fweet is thy ver-tue, as thy ſelfe fweet
art. Sweet fmile, for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſad-neſſe, A mel-ting pleaſance a melt-ing pleaſance
ran through ev-ry part, ran through ev'ry ev'-ry part, And me re-vi-ved with hart rob-bing gladneſs, And me re-
-vived with hart rob-bing glad-neſſe.


Allegro.
Whilſt rapt with joy refembling heavenly madneſse My ſoule was raviſht quite as in a traunce And feel-ing thence no
more her ſorrowes ſadneſse, Fed on the fullneſse of that chearefull glaunce, Fed on the fullneſse of that chearefull glaunce, that cheare - full
glaunce that chearefull glaunce, More ſweet than Nectàr, or Ambroſial meat, Seem'd every bit which thence-forth I did eate. More ſweet then
Nec - tar or Ambroſial meat, Seemd evry bit which thence-forth I did eate, every bit which thence-forth I did eate.
Andante
Vivace.
Sweet ſmile, the daughter of the Queene of Love, Sweet ſmile, expreſsing all thy mothers powrefull art, Sweet
ſmile, ſweet ſmile, ſweet is thy vertue, ſweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelfe ſweet art, as thy ſelfe ſweet art, as thy ſelfe ſweet art.

SONNET XIII.


Vivace.
Marke when she smiles with a - miable cheere, And tell me whereto can ye liken it. W n
on each eye - lid sweetly doe appeare An hundred gra - ces as in shade to sit. A hundred gra-ces as in shade to sit.
Vivace.
Likest it seemeth in my simple wit, U - to the faire sunshine in Som - mers day That when a dreadfull storme a - way is flit, Th ghthebro d
- world doth spred his goodly ray A sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray An ev - ry beast that to his den was fled Comes forth afresh out of their late dif -
Allegro.
- may, And to the light lift up their drouping hed. And to the light lift up their drouping hed. So my stormebeaten hart likewise is cheare With that sunshine when cloudy
lookes are cleared. So my storme beaten hart likewise is chea With that sunshine when cloudy lookes are cleared when clou - dy lookes are clear - - ed.

SONNET XIV.


Largo Andante.
The Love which me fo cru-elly tor-menteth, S Pleasing is in my extream-est
paine, That all the more my for-row it aug-menteth, Th more I Love the more I Love and do em-brace my
banc. Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine) To be acquit fro my con-tin--uall smart: B joy, her thrall for ever to re-
-maine. And yield for pledge my poore my poore cap-tived
chains. And from all wandring loves which may pervart, in safe af-fu-rance strongly it re-straine strong--ly it restraine.
Allegretto
One-ly let her ab-staine from cruelties, And do me not be-fore my time to die--before my time to die.

One-ly let her ab-ſtaine from crueltie, And do me not before my time to die - - - - - - And do me not before my time to die.

SONNET XV.

Moderato.

Truſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling lookes, Un-till ye have their guileful traines well tride:
For they are like but unto gol-den hooke That from the foolish fish their hayts doe hide:
So ſhe with flattring ſmyles weake harts doth guide Unto her love and tempt to their de-cay;
Whom being caught, ſhe kills with cruell pride, And feeds at plea-ſure on the wretch-ed pray:
Yet even whilſt her bloody hands them ſlay Her eyes looke love-ly, and upon them ſmile,
That they take pleaſure in her cru-el play, And dy-ing doe themſelve of paine he-guile.

Volti.

O mightie charme which makes men love their bane, And think they die with plea - fure, live with paine. O mightie

charme which makes men love their bane, And think they die with pleafure, live with paine.

SONNET XVI.

Adagio. And[e]

Fayre cru - - ell, Fay-re cru-el why are ye fo fierce fo fierce and cruell, is it becauſe your eyes

Andante.

- - have powre to kill, have powre to kill. Then know that mercy is the mighties jewell, And greater glory think to fave then ill.

Allegro.

But if it be your pleafure and proud will, To ſhow the powre of your imperious eyes: Then not on him that never thought you ill, But bend your force your fo

againſt your Enemies. Let them feele th'ut moſt th'utmoſt of your cruelties, And kill with lookes and kill with lookes as cockatrices doe:

Andante.

But him that at your footstoole humbled lies, With mercifull regard, give mercy to. give mer - cy to. give mercy to.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be, So shall you live by giving life to me. Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be,

So shall you live So shall you live by giving life to me. So shall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET XVII.

Largo.

Faire yee be sure but cruell and unkind As is a Tygre that with greedinesse Haunts after blood when

Allegro.

he by chance doth find A feeble beast doth felly him oppresse doth felly him oppresse Faire be ye sure but proud and pittilesse

As is a storme that all things doth prostrate Finding a tree alone all comfortless Beats on it strongly it to ruinate.

Faire be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate, As is a rocke amidſt the ra - - ging floods: Gainſt which a ſhip of

luc - cour deſo - late, Doth ſuf - fer wreck both of her ſelfe and goods. Doth ſuf - - fer wreck both of her ſelfe and goods.

Allegro.

That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am I, Whom ye do wreck, doe ruine and deſtroy. That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am

I, Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine and deſtroy. Whom ye do wreck, doe ruine and deſtroy - - - - - Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine and deſtroy.

SONNET XVIII.

Vivace.

Thriſe happy ſhe, that is ſo well aſſurd Un-to her ſelfe, and ſettled ſo in hart: That neither will for

better be al - lurd, Ne feare with worſe to a - - ny chance to ſtart. But like a ſteddy ſhip doth ſtrong - ly part The ra - - ging waves, and

tempes her courſe along Ne ought for tempeſt doth from it de - part, Ne ought for fayrer wea - thers falſe delight, Such felſe af - fiurance

need not feare the ſpight Of grudging foes, ne favour feeke of friends: But in the ſtay of her owne ſtedfaſt mynde, N ther to one herſelf nor other bends

Vivace.

Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſurd doth reſt, But he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt. Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſurd doth reſt, But

he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt. Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſurd doth reſt, But he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt. he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt

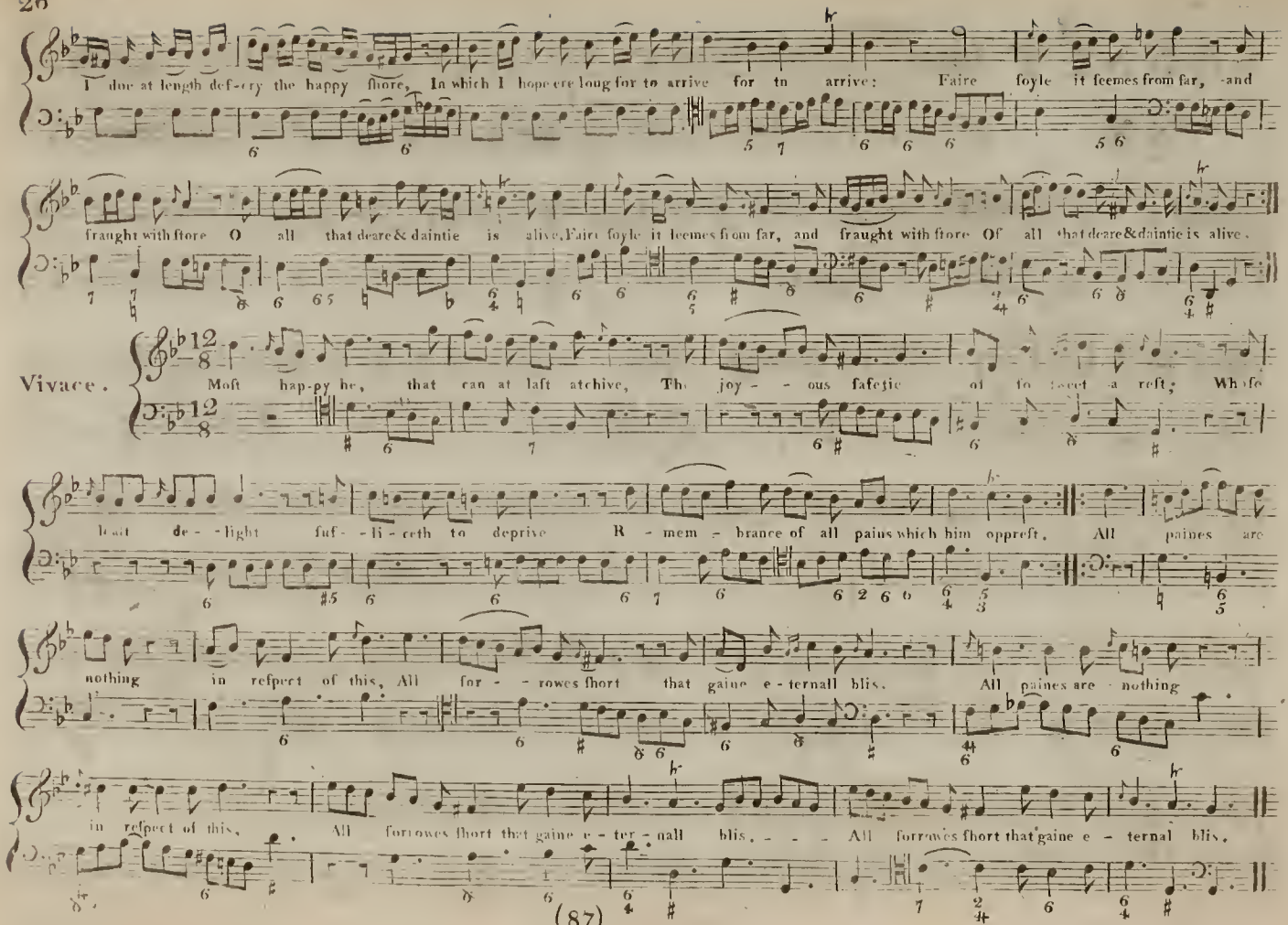
SONNET XIX.

Andante Vivace.

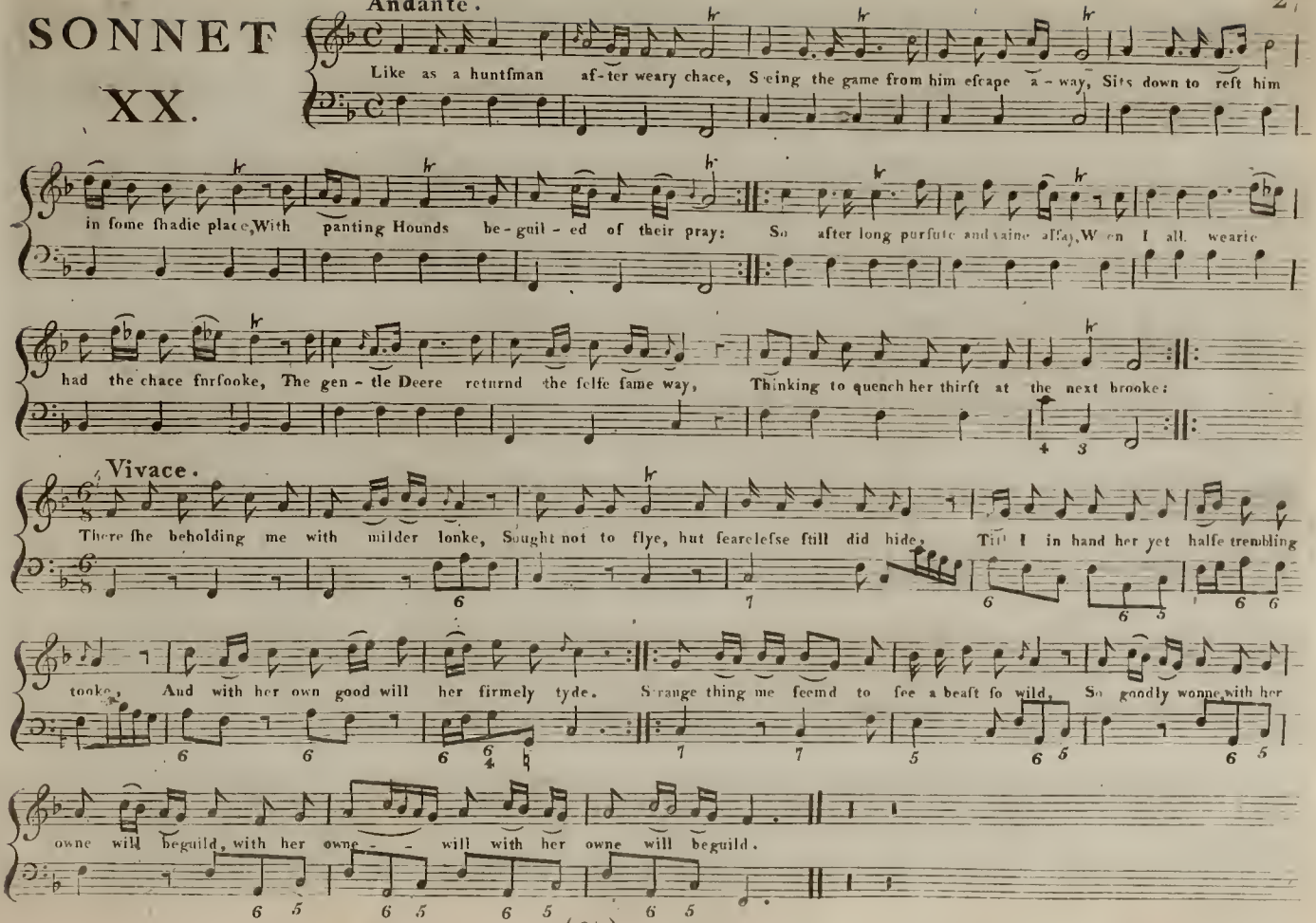
After long ſtormes and tempeſts ſad af - fay, Which hardly I en - du - red here - tofore I

dread of death, and dangerous diſmay, With which my ſilly barke was toſſed ſore: I doe at length deſcry the happy ſhore,

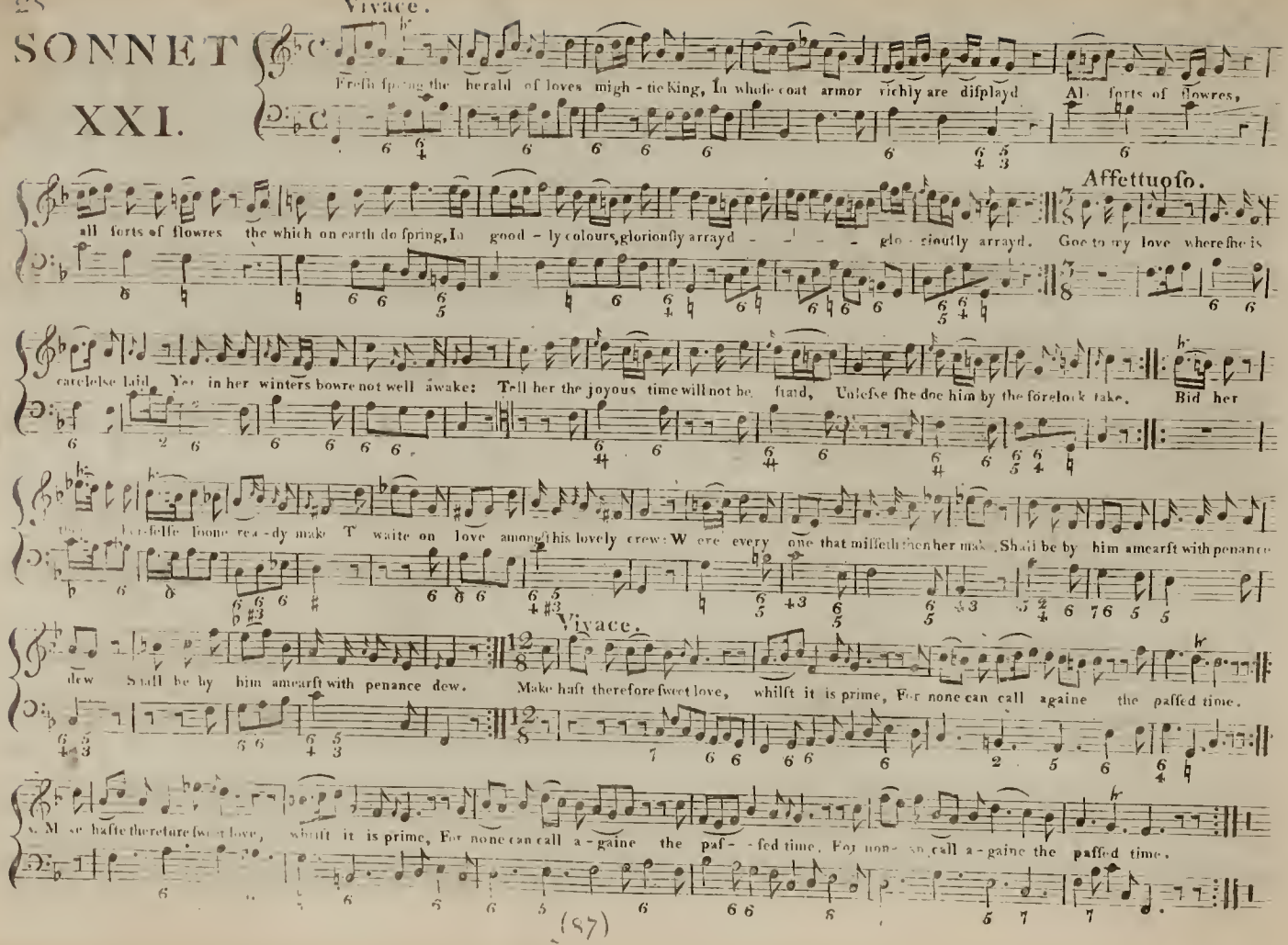
Volti Subito.


I doe at length def-cry the happy shore, In which I hope ere long for to arrive for to arrive: Faire foyle it seemes from far, -and
fraught with store O all that deare & daintie is alive, Faire foyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store Of all that deare & daintie is alive.
Vivace.
Most hap-py he, that can at last atchive, The joy - - ous safetie of to sweet a rest; Whose
least de- - light suf- - fi - ceth to deprive R - mem - brance of all paines which him oppreft. All paines are
nothing in refpect of this, All for - - rowes short that gaine e - ternall blis. All paines are - nothing
in refpect of this, All forrowes short that gaine e - ter - nall blis. - - - All forrowes short that gaine e - ternal blis.

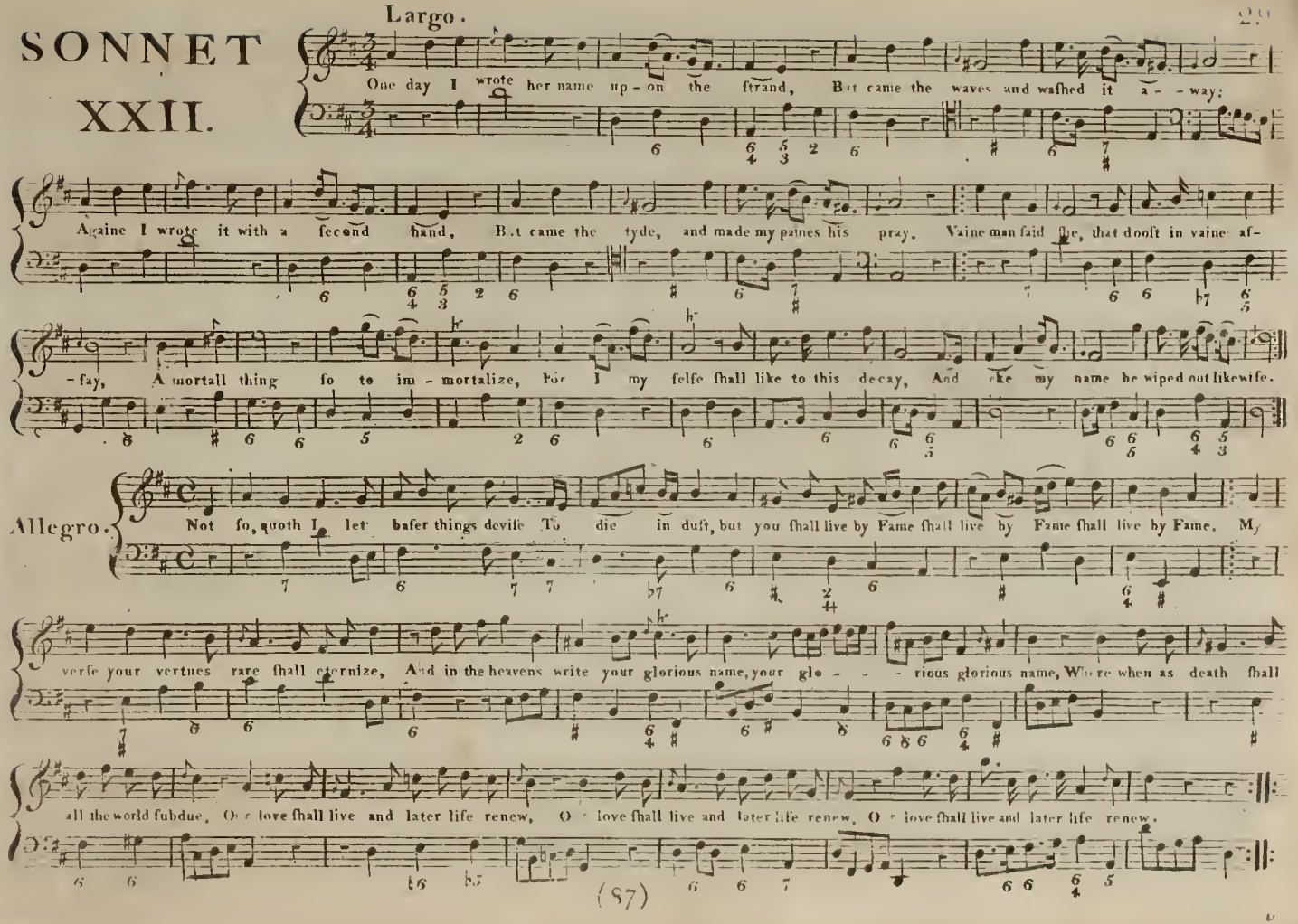
SONNET XX.


Andante.
Like as a huntſman af-ter weary chace, Seeing the game from him eſcape a-way, Sits down to reſt him
in ſome ſhadie place, With panting Hounds be-guil-ed of their pray: So after long purſute and vaine aſſay, When I all wearie
had the chace forſooke, The gen-tle Deere returnd the ſelfe ſame way, Thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brooke:
Vivace.
There ſhe beholding me with milder lonke, Sought not to flye, but fearleſse ſtill did hide. Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling
tooke, And with her own good will her firmely tyde. Strange thing me ſeemd to ſee a beaſt ſo wild, So goodly wonne with her
owne will beguild, with her owne will with her owne will beguild.

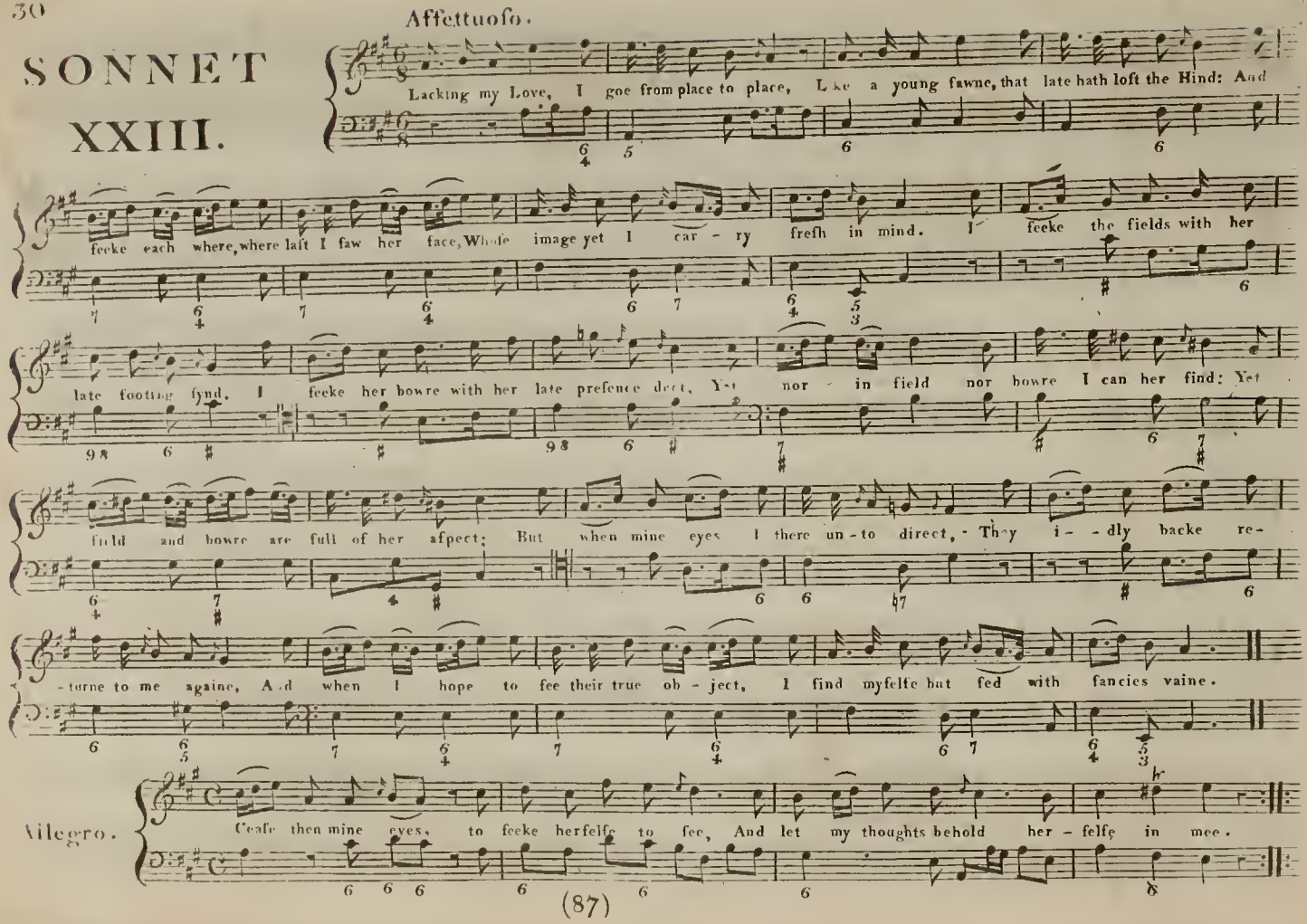
SONNET XXI.

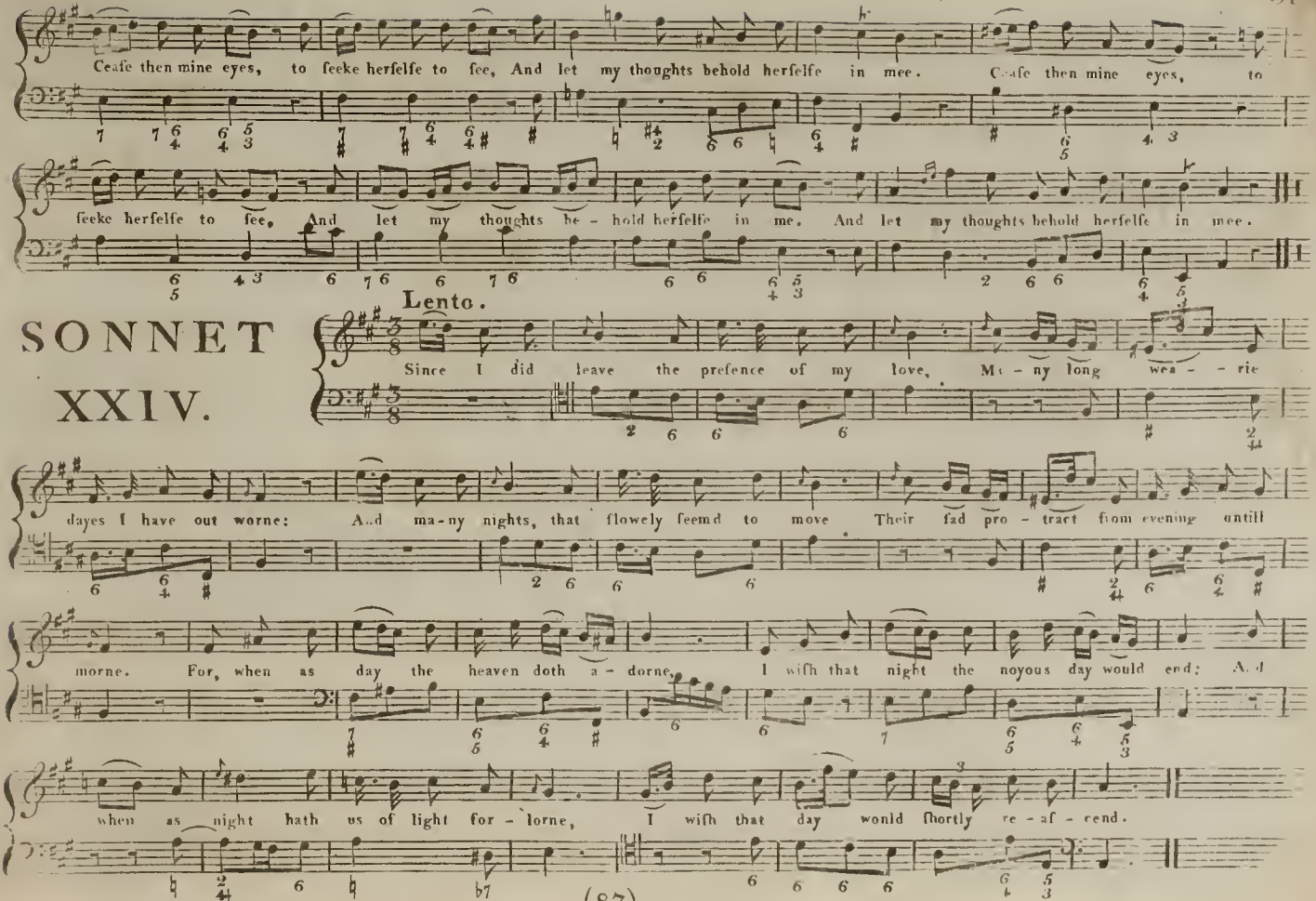

Vivace.
Fresh spring the herald of loves migh - tie King, In whose coat armor richly are displayd All sorts of flowres,
all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring, In good - ly colours, glorionsly arrayd - - - - glo - riously arrayd. Goe to my love where she is
Affettuoso.
carelesse laid, Yet in her winters bowre not well awake: Tell her the joyous time will not be staid, Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take. Bid her
thus herselfe soone rea - dy make T waite on love among this lovely crew: W ere every one that misseth then her make, Shall be by him amearst with penance
Vivace.
dew Shall be by him amearst with penance dew. Make haste therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime, For none can call againe the passed time.
Make haste therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime, For none can call a - gaine the paf - fed time. For none can call a - gaine the passed time.

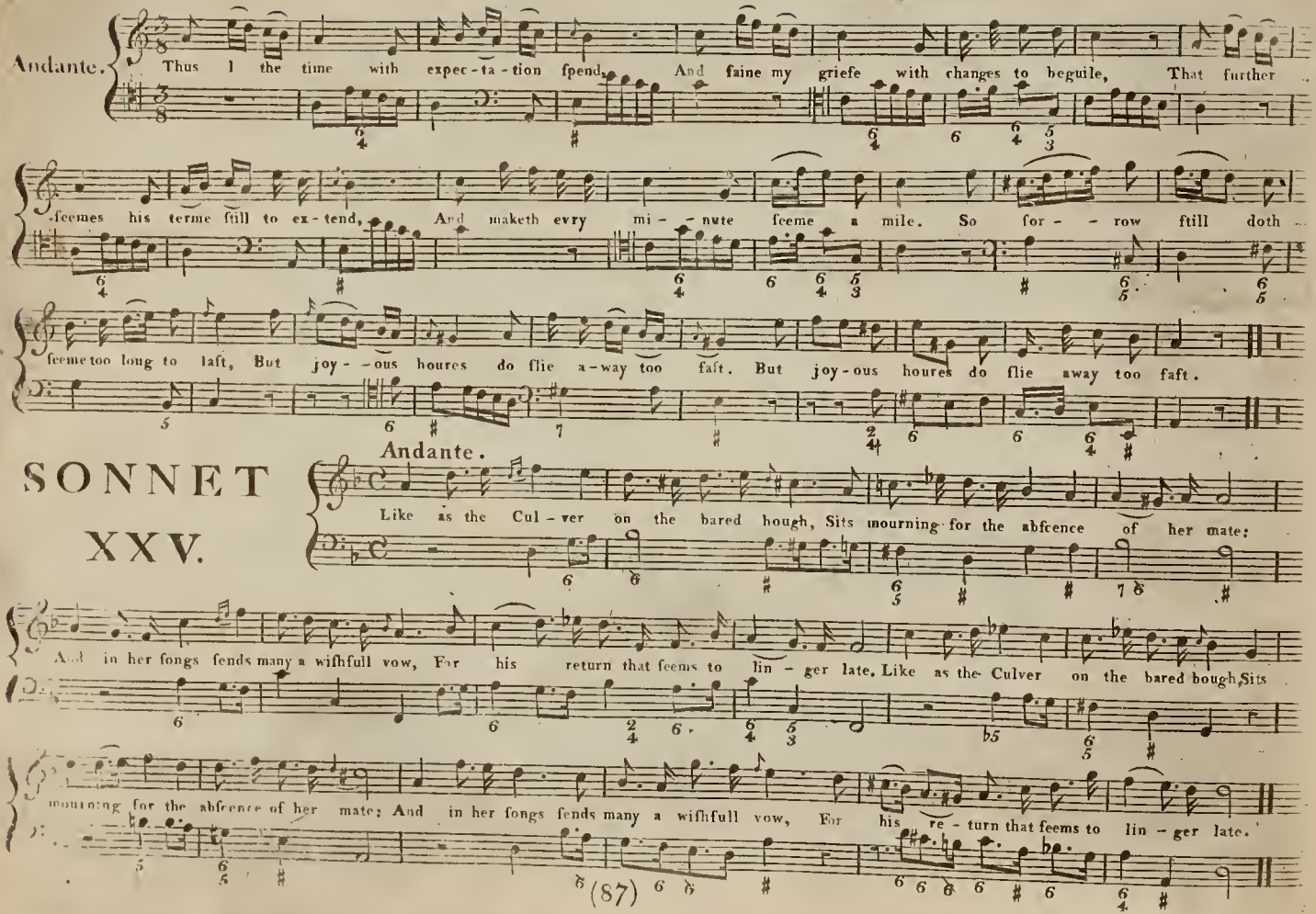
SONNET XXII.


Largo.
One day I wrote her name up - on the ſtrand, But came the waves and waſhed it a - - way:
Againe I wrote it with a ſecond hand, But came the tyde, and made my paines his pray. Vaine man ſaid ſhe, that dooſt in vaine af-
- fay, A mortall thing ſo to im - mortalize, For I my ſelfe ſhall like to this decay, And eke my name be wiped out likewife.
Allegro.
Not ſo, quoth I, let baſer things deviſe To die in duſt, but you ſhall live by Fame ſhall live by Fame ſhall live by Fame. My
verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize, And in the heavens write your glorious name, your glo - - - rious glorious name, Where when as death ſhall
all the world ſubdue, Our love ſhall live and later life renew, Our love ſhall live and later life renew, Our love ſhall live and later life renew.

SONNET XXIII.


Affettuoſo.
Lacking my Love, I goe from place to place, Like a young fawne, that late hath loſt the Hinde: And
feeke each where, where laſt I ſaw her face, Whoſe image yet I car - ry freſh in mind. I feeke the fields with her
late footing fynd, I feeke her bowre with her late preſence deck, Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find: Yet
field and bowre are full of her aſpect; But when mine eyes I there un - to direct, They i - dly backe re-
- turne to me againe, And when I hope to ſee their true ob - ject, I find myſelfe but fed with fancies vaine.
Allegro.
Ceaſe then mine eyes, to ſeeke herſelfe to ſee, And let my thoughts behold her - ſelfe in mee.


Ceafe then mine eyes, to feeke herfelfe to fee, And let my thoughts behold herfelfe in mee. Ceafe then mine eyes, to
feeke herfelfe to fee, And let my thoughts be - hold herfelfe in me. And let my thoughts behold herfelfe in mee.
SONNET XXIV.
Lento.
Since I did leave the prefence of my love, Ma - ny long wea - - rie
dayes I have out worne: And ma-ny nights, that flowely feemd to move Their fad pro - tract from evening untill
morne. For, when as day the heaven doth a - dorne, I wifh that night the noyous day would end: And
when as night hath us of light for - lorne, I wifh that day would fhortly re - af - cend.


Andante.
Thus I the time with expec-ta-tion ſpend, And faine my griefe with changes to beguile, That further
feemes his terme ſtill to ex-tend, And maketh evry mi--nute feeme a mile. So for--row ſtill doth
feeme too long to laſt, But joy--ous houres do flie a-way too faſt. But joy-ous houres do flie away too faſt.
SONNET XXV.
Andante.
Like as the Cul-ver on the bared bough, Sits mourning for the abſcence of her mate:
And in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhfull vow, For his return that ſeems to lin-ger late. Like as the Culver on the bared bough, Sits
mourning for the abſcence of her mate: And in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhfull vow, For his re-turn that ſeems to lin-ger late.